

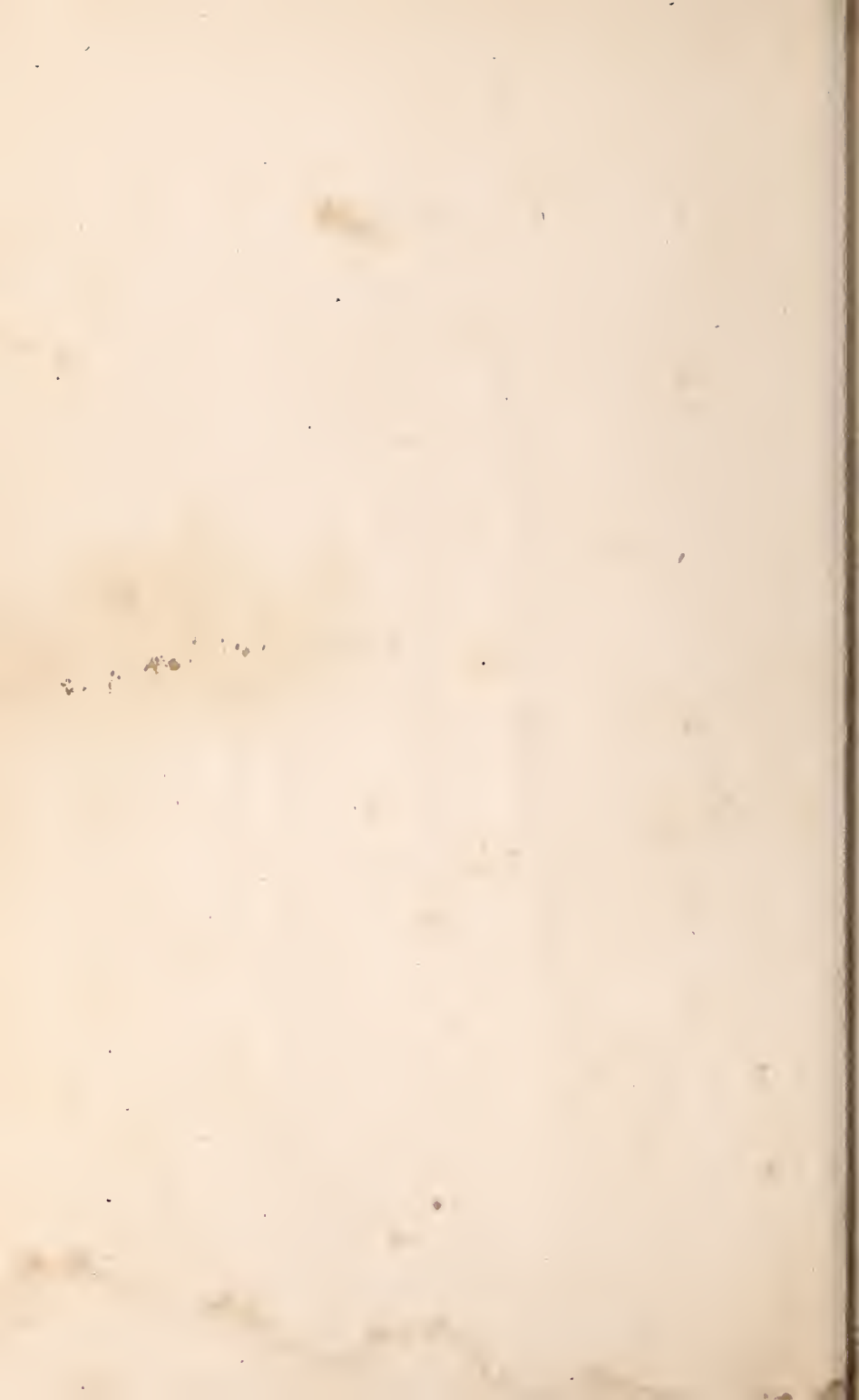


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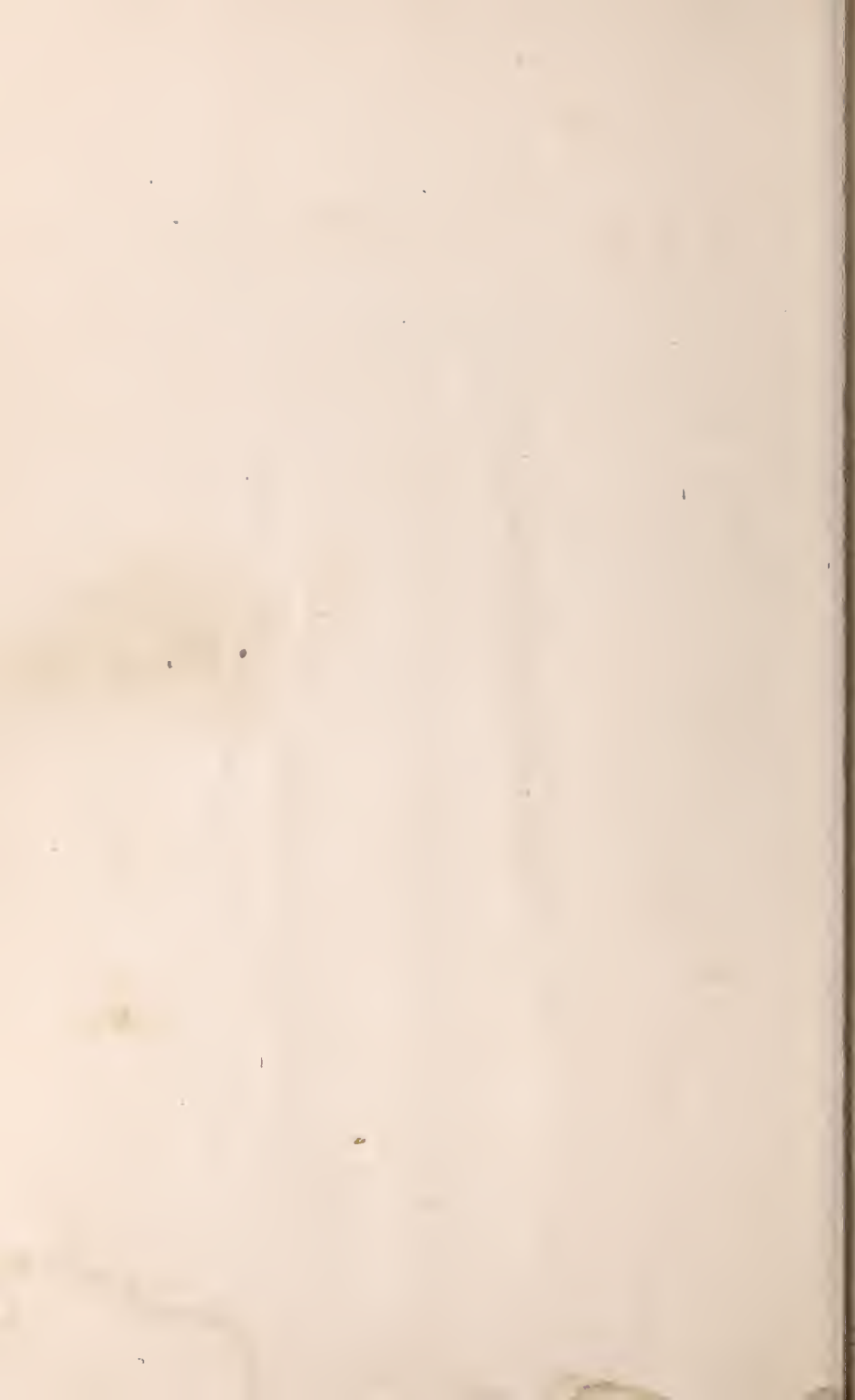


DECEMBER, 1912.



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THE MISSILE

Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School,


PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1912.

No. 2.

A Practical Joke.

 AT THE OLD COLONIAL HOME of the Hills there was a gay party of young people gathered to enjoy the Christmas holidays, as only a crowd of young people can. The party consisted of the Misses Mary Grover, Fannie and Elizabeth Alden, and the charming young hostess, Miss Margaret Hill, by whose urgent invitations this merry crowd had gathered. Miss Hill from long experience, had found that in order for girls to enjoy themselves men are necessary evils. So at her suggestion, Mr. Dick Hill, the promising full-back of Washington and Lee, had brought with him three of his class and also gridiron companions, John Dickson Arthur Moran, and Phil Moore. That their pleasure should not be marred by occasional fits of temper, they decided that they would not become angry no matter what tricks they might play on one another. Miss Hill's chief delight during the holidays was to try practical jokes on Arthur Moran, but he was wily and not easily caught; in fact,

he was caught only once—by a concoction of soap and tooth-powder that she gave him for blanc-mange. So far he had tried in vain to catch her, because she was always too quick. The vacation days, full of joy and happiness, were almost gone, and Arthur Moran realized that he must bend all his energies to a final master stroke.

On the night before the house-party was to break up, he asked Miss Hill if he might speak to her alone in the parlor. When they were seated in a dim corner of the room, he began, "Miss Margaret, I have had something on my mind ever since I arrived; and now as we are on the verge of parting, I want to ask you a question, and I want you to promise that whatever your answer may be, you will always remain my friend." He noticed with delight that she was getting very uneasy and turning red and white. "Now are you sure," said he, "that you will always consider me as your friend whatever may be the outcome of our conversation?"

She replied with a very white face and in a voice that trembled, "Yes, Mr. Moran, certainly."

He lowered his voice and in almost inaudible tones said, "I value your opinion more than that of any others and I want you to consider the question carefully that I am about to ask you. Try to be impartial and weigh this question in your mind."

By this time Miss Hill, trembling violently and greatly embarrassed, hardly dared to raise her eyes above the floor. Mr. Moran saw that it was time to stop. With a twinkle in his eye he finished by saying, "Miss Hill, do you think it would be becoming to me to turn out my mustache?"

Charles R. Stribling, '13.

Glass

THE CREDIT of the invention of glass was given by the ancient people to the Phoenicians, as is shown by the story of its discovery by Phoenician merchants, who rested their cooking pots on blocks of natron (sub-carbonate of soda), and found glass produced by the union under heat of the alkali and the sand of the shore. Glass bottles containing red wine are represented on monuments of the fourth dynasty, more than 4,000 years old. Glass was used by the Romans of the imperial period for more purposes and more extensively, than by ourselves in the present day.

Glass is a brittle, transparent compound produced by the fusion, at a very high temperature, of silica with an alkaline metal. The simplest formula for glass is represented by: $\frac{x\text{Na}^{20}}{y\text{Ca}}\frac{z\text{Si}}{0}\text{O}_2$. The substances, however, which form the essential basis of all varieties of common glass are silica; soda or potash; and lime and oxide of lead.

The physical properties upon which the great value and utility of glass principally depends are (1) its well known prevailing transparency combined with a brilliant luster and great hardness; (2) its fusibility at a high temperature; (3) its softness at red heat, whereby it can be moulded into any shape desired. Glass is not acted on by any of the acids except HFl acid. It is a poor conductor of heat. The means by which melted glass is given its varied forms for use are by blowing, by casting, and by pressing in moulds.

These are the forms into which glass is worked and its uses:

I. Flat Glass.

Crown glass.

Sheet glass.

Plate glass.

II. Hollow Glass.

Flint glass, blown.

Bohemian glass.

Venetian glass.

Bottle glass.

Slag glass.

Tube glass.

III. Pressed and Massive Glass.

Flint glass.

Optical glass.

Strass glass.


Red glass, marbles and beads.

IV. Colored, opaque, and enamel glass, including glass mosaics and hot cast porcelain, etc.

Glass has many and varied uses. It is used for the laboratory, for window panes, mirrors, lamp chimneys, optical goods, ornaments, and for various household purposes.

Otelia B. Wachsman, '14.

His Christmas Present.

CHRISTMAS DAY was over, and the darkness of the night had settled down around the old country home of Judge Mansard, in the northern part of South Carolina. Outside a cold wind was blowing and the thermometer was dropping, but within there was no lack of warmth and Christmas cheer. A roaring fire crackled and danced in the big fire-place of the parlor and filled the whole room with its rosy glow. The walls, mantles, and indeed all other available places were decorated with holly and running cedar, while in the doorway was hanging a bunch of mistletoe full of silver berries.

In a low chair by the fire Jacqueline, the Judge's only daughter, was sitting. She wore a white dress, and at her waist a large bunch of violets that were just the color of her lovely eyes. Her hair was dark and wavy and she was considered very beautiful. Her chief charm, however, lay not in the beauty of her features or in her graceful person, but in the depth and purity of her character. She was still very young, only twenty, but growing lovelier and sweeter with each year. She was looking into the fire in a dreamy way when, suddenly, the bell rang and she jumped up.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed, "I had no idea it was that late. Phil must have come sooner than usual."

The door opened and a tall, broad-shouldered young man came in.

"I hope I'm not too early, Jack," he said as he held

her hand a moment, "and I think you'll excuse me when I tell you I have only half an hour. You see the schedule changed yesterday and my train leaves two hours sooner. I'd wait for the next, if I could, but I ought to be back at work tomorrow,—that is unless you'll let me take you to the party tomorrow night."

"I'm very sorry, indeed, you have to leave so soon, Phil, but I can't let you stay on that condition. You see after what father said last night, I know he would not want me to go with you." Her father's words, "I'll not have you, the daughter of a Mansard, marry a "Mr. Nobody," she would never forget. Her eyes revealed what the struggle between love and duty cost.

"I'm all he has now," she added, "and I could never marry against his will."

"I do not ask you to," he said simply, "and, 'lady,' we won't take that decision as irrevocable. Just because I haven't any family tree and can't claim relationship with some old lord or earl in England, your father has no right——."

"Hush, Phil, I won't have you say anything against my father. He is doing what he thinks is right and he is my father."

The half-hour passed before they knew it and Phil reluctantly rose to go.

"I'm coming back next Christmas," he declared.

"It will be useless, I'm afraid, for Papa will never change his mind. Nevertheless, Phil, don't forget that a man who is a real man, who is true to the noblest and best, can never really *be* a "Mr. Nobody."

And so Phil Duncan went forth to a year of hard work.

The days, weeks, and months came and went and again it was Christmas time; but, as Jacqueline had foreseen, there was no change in the Judge's decision. He was gentle and considerate in most things, but concerning Phil Duncan he was governed by an unreasonable prejudice.

For the Christmas week Jacqueline had invited several of her school friends and was enjoying them immensely. On the morning before Christmas Day they were all gathered around the fire discussing their plans for a party to which they were going that evening. It was to be fancy dress and masque combined; so the all important question was "What shall I wear?"

All day long the girls worked over their costumes. When they finally got to the party, not one of them regretted for one instant the time spent, for they completely puzzled everybody. The coveted prize for the best disguise was won by Jacqueline.

When the prize had been given, some one proposed a mock marriage before they unmasked. Jacqueline was chosen for the bride and a young man, dressed as a Knight, who had been recognized by no one, and who,—as it was whispered,—was a stranger, was the groom. A young attorney acted as preacher and the ceremony was carried out in all the particulars even down to a brass ring which the groom found in his pocket. When the masques were pulled off, every one was eager to know who the groom was, but—he had vanished.

"He asked me to make his apologies," said one of the guests, "He was called away very suddenly."

"But who was he?" asked Jacqueline. No one could

help her and she was mockingly called Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Smith, and a dozen other names.

"Well, I'm glad he *has* gone because now I shall not have to go home with him," added Jacqueline.

When Jacqueline and her guests reached home, the Judge had retired, so that it was not until the next day, Christmas morning, that he heard all about the party.

"You must have had a good time," said he after listening to several enthusiastic accounts.

"The wedding was the best of all," one of the girls said.

"Of course, girls always enjoy weddings. But who acted as parson?"

"We got a man who wore glasses and looked somewhat like a preacher to do that. He was a Mr. Moore, a young attorney from"——. But she got no further.

"What?" cried the Judge in excitement, "Mr. Moore, the attorney? Merciful heavens, girls! What have you done! You weren't in it, I hope, Jacqueline?"

"Why, yes, papa, I was only the bride."

"Oh, my child," groaned the Judge, "don't you know that by the laws of South Carolina that marriage was perfectly valid?"

"Goodness, papa," gasped Jacqueline, her face growing colorless and her eyes as big as stars." I don't even know who the man was."

Every one was too much concerned to notice a slight movement by the door, so that it was not until a "What's the matter?" in a man's voice made them look up, that they knew there was anybody else in the room. There, in the doorway, stood Phil Duncan. He had not forgotten his promise of a year ago and had come back to see

how his affairs were prospering. He had expected his coming to bring a smile to Jacqueline's face, but in this he was disappointed. She only looked at him in a dazed way, then dropped her face in her hands and shuddered.

"Can't some one tell me what's wrong?" asked Phil, turning in desperation to one of the girls near him.

"Yes," she said, "everything's wrong. We had a mock wedding last night just for fun and now we find out it was *real*, and Jack is married hard and fast to a man she does not even know. *Nobody* knows who he was."

Phil, instead of being terribly distressed as she had expected, was actually smiling as he walked over to Jacqueline.

"Jack, dear," he said as he stood before her, "*I'm* your husband if you'll have me."

"But the groom was dressed like a Knight," she stammered.

"I was the Knight," he explained, "but was called away so suddenly I never thought of revealing my identity. I never dreamed of such good fortune," he whispered, "or I should not have left."

Before Jack could speak, the Judge moved over to them.

"I suppose," he said, "I must gracefully accept the inevitable, but I want you to know, sir, this is the bitterest pill I have ever had to swallow. If I didn't know my daughter as I do, I'd say it was all a put up job."

"Here's a telegram for you, Mr. Phil," said one of the servants, and as he opened and read the message, Jack watched his face anxiously.

"I see it's nothing bad," she said as he looked up and smiled.


"Oh, no, it goes rather to the other extreme. By a will and papers which were discovered only yesterday, I have inherited a small fortune from my uncle, old Colonel Matthews of Columbia.

"You don't say so!" ejaculated the Judge. "Colonel Matthews was my best friend for years and a finer man never walked the earth. My dear fellow," he added, putting his arm around the younger man's shoulders, can you ever forgive me, blundering old fool that I am?"

"I certainly can, Sir, from the bottom of my heart," answered Phil, "and I thank you for Jack, my Christmas present. She is the most precious gift a man ever received," he added as he caught Jacqueline's hand in his.

Agnes Stribling, '13.

The Celebration of Christmas.

HE PEOPLE of the United States may be divided into two parts in regard to their celebration of Christmas.

The first class are those who try to make *others* happy at this happy time. They give their gifts so cheerfully and with so great an abundance of good-will that those who receive them appreciate them far more than costlier gifts from others. They always take an interest in everything pertaining to Christmas. They help in celebrations, are interested in decorations, believe in noise and fun making, and are lenient towards those who have an abundance of animal

spirits. Best of all, they are the ones who remember that it is the birth of our Saviour that we are celebrating and try to do things which He would have done himself or approved, such as helping the poor to enjoy the Christmas time as well as those who have sufficient of this world's goods.

The second class are those who try to make *themselves* happy. They grumble about gift-giving, not because they are unable to give, but because they are either selfish or lazy. They condemn noise and boisterousness, try to keep down so much celebration, and very often leave their surroundings to free themselves from having to participate in Christmas celebration. They do not consider whose birthday we celebrate, or what He would be occupied in doing at this time.

To which class would you prefer to belong? To which do you belong?

Robert Gill, '13.

Selina Loh.



WAS MADE by an old black mammy, in a little log cabin on a Southern plantation, from a piece of white homespun, fashioned to resemble a human being, and stuffed with rags and sheep's wool. Then mammy's daughter-in-law, Sally Jane, painted a face, hands, hair, and some shoes and stockings. I was then dressed like a little girl of that time, and I remember especially that mammy made me a very pretty pair of pantalets. How

proud she looked when I had been finished and presented to her "chile," the master's little daughter, for whom all these preparations had been made. My little mistress, whose name was Mary Anne, squealed with delight, and promptly named me Selina Lou, which was mammy's name, and which I still bear. I was her constant companion for several years, and then I was put away in a dark chest, because Mary Anne's mother said she was too old to play with dolls any longer. Probably a year or so after that, Mary Anne looked over the contents of my chest, and I could see that her eyes were red with weeping, and that she was dressed entirely in black.

After that I was left alone for many years, but one day I was taken out again and presented to another Mary Anne on her fifth birthday, by the first Mary Anne, now a handsome, matronly-looking woman. I was greeted with the same squeals of delight, and adopted with equally as much loving ardor by my new mistress, as I had been by my old one. I was put away again, however, after several years, for the same reason that was given when this happened the first time. Put away in the same box with me, were other things of interest to a child, among them a big composition book filled with the queerest, funniest little stories ever written, a dagger carved from the wood of a famous tree that separates three counties in Virginia, some very pretty marbles, and a broken blue feather fan. There were other things added to this collection from time to time, mostly letters, candy boxes, and once two faded red roses. One day some one opened the box, and I knew I looked into the face of my second Mary Anne, but changed by maturity

and something else, which gave me a delicious thrill, though I could not tell why. She laughed softly when she came to me, took me up, hugged me, and told me a wonderful story. I could not understand it all, but she spoke often of love, and I was glad, for you could see she was very happy.

Now I have come to the last stage of my journey. Exactly a year ago this Christmas Eve night, I was again taken out of the box and given to a third Mary Anne. She was delighted with me, and loves me as has been the case before. I have on new and clean clothes, and have been put in a big Morris chair in the library with all the new toys and presents, for Mary Anne wants to show Santa Clause how neat and careful she is. There are in the chair with me two new dolls, one, a native of Switzerland dressed in a Swiss costume, whom I shall love and be good to, because she feels homesick and bewildered in this foreign, new country; and the other, a beautiful, shallow creature from France, who cannot remember that her beautiful, painted complexion wears off with very little usage. However, I feel secure in my position in this household, and I sincerely hope I may continue to serve my honorable purpose of making some little girl happy for some time to come.

X. Y. Z.



Christmas
Spirit.

THE REAL CHRISTMAS SPIRIT is essentially that of love and forgetfulness of self in striving to do for others. It is only when we are under the control of this spirit, that we find a deep soul-satisfying pleasure; for then it is that giving becomes a privilege, and we realize the true meaning of the oft-quoted expression of Him whose birthday we celebrate at this season of the year, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. This spirit of love should prompt all our giving at Christmas; for who places any value upon or takes any real joy in a gift that comes not bound and sealed with love and sincerity? How much more we appreciate a simple present that a child makes for us with his own hands than a costly gift prompted by a sense of duty rather than love and affection! Services of love and words of kindness are cherished and remembered, especially in the hearts of the old, long after the gifts have been lost and forgotten. How we cherish deeds of kindness prompted by love and sincerity! These are beyond price; and such expressions from those we love add joy and give peace. At this season of the


year, when all feel nearer and closer together, let us see to it that the true Christmas spirit rules in every heart. Then we shall have such a Christmas as He will approve of, and one worthy of His life.



Domestic Science.

WE HAVE what is considered a very thorough Commercial Course at our High School, and our girl graduates in this course fill good positions in the city. Our regular academic course is considered one of the best in the State, and many of our graduates have become teachers in the public schools. But all of us do not desire to be stenographers and teachers. The training we receive in the High School should be of some practical value to us in after life. The object of life is service, and education should be a means for perfecting this service. The knowledge that we receive in school should be usable and should have concrete expressions in our lives. Are we keeping apace with the other high schools of equal size and importance? Many schools of equal standing with ours offer courses in domestic science, sewing, millinery, manual training, etc. These courses not only appeal to many of the pupils, but a great many pupils who otherwise would drop out of school remain to get this vocational training. There are as many graduates in these special courses as in the regular department. In some schools there are more. A good course in domestic science would be of great service to the girls of our school. Domestic science is not easy. Some say that

the household arts come naturally to girls and no special training is necessary; that such things should be taught in the home and have no place in the schools. But is this exactly true? A teacher in a Northern college states that domestic science is one of the hardest subjects taught in our schools and that more girls fail in this subject than any other! Domestic science among other things is the chemistry of cooking, and all girls should know the science of preparing and serving foods. Is it not true that the method of teaching and of learning is of more importance than the matter taught; that any subject, Latin or domestic science, properly taught and properly studied will yield valuable results in the training of the mind? A course in domestic science would mean much for us, and we hope that the School Board will soon place it among the courses offered in our schools.

A decorative border made of small floral motifs surrounds the title. The border is rectangular with rounded corners and a repeating pattern of leaves and flowers.

Manual Training.

JUST AS DOMESTIC SCIENCE is necessary for the girls of our schools, so Manual Training is essential for the boys. What is a boys' high school education for? Is it not to prepare him for life, to train his mind and character in the way in which they should go? Consider what a boy needs, especially one who does not intend to go to college and who has *some* talent that can be developed during his stay at the high school with the right kind of training. In our High School no special provision is made for the boys who are unable to take the regular course and who do not desire to go to higher institutions of learning.

He is forced to take Latin, German, or some other study for which he has no interest. What is the result? He leaves school and goes out into life with a mind unprepared, with hands untrained, and with a great deal of unusable knowledge. You say it is necessary for him to understand Latin? But why? All boys have not the same kind of mind. That which is the very best for one boy may not be adapted to the mind of another boy. All must admit that a great many of our boys leave school during the first and second years because the course of study does not provide those things they most desire and need. The secret of education is the development of talent and the purpose of the high school is to prepare for life. Is our High School accomplishing its purpose? Yes and no. For some it is doing a fine work, while for others it is not. A good system of manual training is the only thing that can complete the work of our local High School for the boys. The school and the community would both be improved by the introduction of this vocational training. It is evident that many more boys would remain in school for graduation. Education is for hand as well as for head. Other cities have instituted this course of manual training. Why cannot the boys of Petersburg have the same advantages? Aren't we going to progress and equal other cities of our size?



M

R. WAYMACK and his (IVB) masculine companions think that Tennyson's Princess is undertaking an impossibility when she tries to elevate woman to be man's equal. Miss Dargan has faithfully defended her own cause in many exciting discussions, but he and his friends are not to be convinced that woman is man's equal.

Miss L.—(in IIIA stenography class) "Watch your "i's," Mr. Young, they are rolling around too far."

Miss R.—"Who owns the railroads of Virginia?" Mr. C.—(IA2). "The Virginia Passenger and Power Company."

Miss D.—was reading from *The Idylls of the King* and left out a word. Miss Dargan stopped her with, "Oh! Miss D. you are losing your foot!"

Mr. A.—(of IIIA) was very much troubled one day to find a hat in the window which he was about to raise.

Mr. McManaway, sympathizing with the young lady to whom the hat belonged exclaimed, "Don't disturb the millinery!"

* Miss S.—"How do you add members with like signs?"

Miss H. (of IA2)—"Add as you do in addition."

Is Miss Thomas (of IVB) "moon-struck?" In translating her French, she says, that the moon shines through the trunks of the trees.

Miss H.—(in French class to IVA pupil). "Sentence twenty-four is the correct type; read it, please.

Pupil (reading)—"She was married yesterday."

Mr. McM.—"What was the Exchequer?"

Mr. B.—(IIIA). "It was a long table."

Miss B.—(of IIA), upon being asked by a fellow-student what a hedge-hog was, replied that it was a hog with porcupines on it.

Teacher: "To what are the muscles of the small of the back connected?"

Mr. O. (IIA). "The eyelids."

The IIA class has been through two months without a demerit. Let us congratulate them and hope they will continue their good record.

Mr. A. (in IB Latin)—"Mr. K—, what is the striking peculiarity in the verb "prosum?"

Mr. K.—"The striking peculiarity is the verb "to be."

The IIB class has at last broken its cherished record;

three pupils have received Golden Reports, Miss Bragg, Miss Donnan, and Miss McCaleb.

Mr. J.—and Mr. C.—of IIIA attempted to wear their chemistry aprons to Study Hall the other day. It is supposed that they think they look very “cute” in them.

Miss H.—(in IVA French Class), “Continue reading please.”

Miss Talbott (reading) “and he uttered a succession of Ah’s, Oh’s and Alas’s.”

“Oh, that doesn’t mean molasses,” whispered Miss Kruse, knowingly.

Teacher: “Name some of the principal men of the Hundred Years’ War.

Mr. D.—“The Black Prince and Joan of Arc.”

Mr. McM.—“What was the first thing that Curia Regis did to a criminal?”

Mr. J. (IIIA). “The first thing they did was to “ketch” him.”

Miss L. (in writing class)—“Miss H—get on both points of your pen.”

Owing to the wonderful minds of its members, the IVA Latin Class hopes to publish in the near future a revised translation of Virgil. Some passages are especially worthy of mention. Miss H.’s translation reads: “The snakes lifted their heads and shoulders above the foaming waves;” while one test read: “The bees lead out the youths (referring to the young bees) from the hives.”

Mr. McM: "What did Dante and Petraech do."

Mr. D. (IIA): "They reformed."

Miss Flaherty (of IA) who moved to Madison Mills this summer has returned to Petersburg and started her good work in her class by getting a Golden Report this month.

Miss S.—"To which class of foods does milk belong? Proteid, carbohydrate or Fat?"

Mr. D.—(after great deliberation), "Cheese."

Miss L.—(in IIIA stenography class), "How can the character "h," which is a circle, be modified besides being enlarged and minuted?" Mr. S.—"It is made long and narrow."

Miss Thomas has enlarged upon the conjugation of German verbs. She told one of the pupils of IIIA to write the fourth and fifth persons of one verb.

Miss C. (in IB Phys. Geo.): "Mr. H.,—where does the Columbia River enter the Pacific Ocean?"

Mr. H.—"Oh! San Francisco Bay."

Miss L.—"What is the word, Mr. B?"

Mr. B. (IIIA) The word is "awake."

Miss L.—"Well, I think you are asleep."

Miss Thomas was possessed with unusual curiosity in the IIIA German Class the other day, for she told Mr. A. to go to the board and write everything he knew.

Mr. McM.—What were the relations between Henry III. and the Pope?"

Mr. B.—"Henry III. let the Pope walk all over him."

The members of the IVA French class are still making a bold attempt at the correct pronunciation of "Monsieur" and "Le Petit Chose." No one has at yet solved the problem of "Monsieur," but Miss Hall has finally decided that "Le Petit Chose" will at least sound better if spoken quickly,—something like this; "luppety Chose."

In IIIB French class, Miss D.—asked if there were any more sentences to be written. Miss Hunt answered, "Tout-ci." Miss J. translated. "Set yourself, Miss D."

Mr. McM.—(in IIIA) stated that the Englishmen were perfect gentlemen. Miss R.—said she disagreed with him, for she saw a typical English gentleman allow a lady to get up from the table to hand him a cup of tea. Then a bright idea came to Mr. McM. and he innocently asked, "Was she his wife?"

The extreme modesty of the IV.A class is very commendable and should serve as a model for others, for Mr. Wyatt, when called upon in Latin class to give the meaning of *sus* (swine), blushed crimson, faltered a minute and then answered feebly, "pig."

The same two IVA's got Golden's this month, and the same eighteen didn't.

The High School has had the pleasure of having its Chapel exercises conducted several times by preachers attending the General Baptist Association this month.

Mr. Duncan delivered a most interesting and profitable address, while Mr. Beam's exhortation "know something, *be something* and do something," we shall not soon forget.

Mr. Moore also has given us a very interesting talk on the Holy Land. Mr. Stribling and Dr. Roper have both favored us with short and pointed addresses, which were both pleasurable and profitable. On Friday morning of last week we had the pleasure of having the Rev. Frank Jones to conduct the opening exercises for us. Mr. Jones gave us a most excellent talk on faithfulness. He is the brother of our beloved Superintendent, Mr. R. Randolph Jones.

ROLL OF HONOR

The Roll of Honor for the second school month of this session which ended November 11 is as follows:

IVB—Lillian Powers, Helen Thomas, Harry Pillow.

IVA—Agnes Stribling, Frank Scott.

IIIB—Elizabeth Drewry, Wallace Bowman.

IIIA—Mr. Fancis Drewry, Virginia Ridenour, Reuben Alley, Helen Bowman, Leon Vaughan.

IIB—Elizabeth Bragg, Mary McCaleb, Lena May Donnon.

IIA—Richard Gilliam, Sam Elliott, Florence Clements, Florence Stratton.

IB—Dallas Warren, Ruth Roper, Helen Roper, Alice Mason, Wade Temple, William Nufer.

IA—Isabel Banks, Evelyn Butcher, Blanche Flaherty, Elva Marks, Lellie Smith, Orlando Hinton.



Athletics



THE FOOT BALL SEASON of 1912 has been one of the most successful ones in the history of the Petersburg High School. The team has indeed made an enviable record this year. It has played six games and won five out of six; the heavy John Marshall High School eleven being the only team that old P. H. S. was unable to defeat.

The first game was with the Chester Agricultural High School on our home grounds. The "Aggies" were confident of winning, but three minutes after the initial whistle, we had scored a touchdown and Captain Pollard had kicked goal. The Chester lads tightened up in the next quarter, and the half ended with the score—P. H. S. 7, C. H. S. 0. It took us exactly three minutes after the beginning of the second quarter to score our second touchdown. The Aggies then tightened up again, and neither side was able to score. The game ended with the score—P. H. S. 13, C. H. S. 0.

The next game was with the fast, and heavy team from the John Marshall High School of Richmond. It was then that the Petersburg High School tasted the dregs of defeat for the first time in two years. Although John

Marshall played the better game, the score should not have been as large as it was. John Marshall made two out of its three touchdowns on recovered fumbles, with an open field before the runner, and the third was made on a delayed pass. The game ended with the score standing 22 to 0 in John Marshall's favor.

Our third game was with the Farmville High School on their own ground. This school play us a scoreless game last season; so when our warriors entered this game, they did so with a determination to *play football*. And, believe me, they did it too! Our line opened up holes in their's, through which the backs romped at will, while Farmville was unable to gain at all. When the game ended the score stood 33 to 0 in our favor.

Next came our second game with Chester. This was Chester's last game of the season, and they entered it prepared to "win or d-d-d-die." (Horrors.) The rustic's determination, however, was of no avail, for the Petersburgers had the determination also. One touchdown and one safety was all the scoring done in this game, both being in Petersburg's favor. The game ended with the score—P. H. S. 8, C. H. S. 0. (Exit Coach Styles, in extreme disgust.)

Then the fifth game. "O! You tell it, George! I haven't got the heart." After having written up, in almost every paper in the State, what an excellent team he had, Coach Lutz, of Benedictine College, brought about twenty of his husky warriors over to defeat us. We, however, did not see it in the same light as Mr. Lutz, and in the 36 minutes of play, ran up the enormous score of 60 points to Benedictine's 0. Some game, eh? Well, we'll have to hand them one thing: they did *look* like football players.

The last game of the season was with the Blackstone Academy at Blackstone. These fellows, next to John Marshall, came nearer "getting our angora" than any other team we played this season. They out-weighted us over ten pounds to the man, but still we came out on top. During the first half of the game, Blackstone, on account of their variety of tricks, scored nineteen points, but in the second half, the Petersburgers had seen through these tricks, and held Blackstone scoreless. Our offense was invincible. Not once during the game did Blackstone hold us for downs. The backs circled the ends and hit the line for gains ranging from 3 to 40 yards, and scored 33 points to Blackstone's 19.

The success of the team did not hang upon the brilliant playing of any particular man, but upon the good, steady work of all eleven men combined. That tells the tale of how we did it. To each player belongs the credit, and to Coach "Hub" Gilliam. We are from Missouri on the subject of there being any better than he in the State. On the team, we prefer not to mention stars—space is limited. Each and every man deserves the greatest possible praise in his line of work. They scored 147 points to their opponents' 41; 1-5—nuf sed!

"Handsome Snag" Perkinson was the manager of the team this year, and well did he perform his task, which was by no means a cinch. He arranged an excellent schedule and the finances are in better condition at the end of this season than they have ever been before. Thanks to Denny Jr!

Before closing we wish to thank the students of the school and also the citizens of the city for their loyal attendance at the games. It is sincerely hoped that they will keep up their good work when the base-ball season comes.



BEATRICE M. COLEMAN, EDITOR.

Mr. Paul Webb, a graduate of the class of 1910, occupies a responsible position with the Atlantic Coast Line railroad company.

Mr. John Chappell is now book-keeper for the Model Steam Laundry.

Mr. Meade C. Brunet, president of class 1912, is now a student at Union College, New York.

Among our graduates now at Randolph-Macon College are Messrs. Edward Burgess, Clifford Harrison and Wales Wynne.

Miss Charlotte Gilliam, '10, has returned to Randolph-Macon Womans College where she will resume her studies.

Miss Sue Brunet, '10, has been elected as a substitute-teacher in the public schools.

Miss Annie Tench, the first honor graduate of the class of 1910, and a full graduate of the Harrisonburg State Normal and Industrial School, is now teaching at the R. E. Lee school.

Misses Dorothy Brown, and Annie Lee Jones, of class of 1911, has returned to the State Normal School, Harrisonburg, Va.

Mr. Arthur Scoggin, '11 is at present with the British-American Tobacco Company.

Among our recent visitors at P. H. S. was Mr. Arthur James, '09. Mr. James, who is a member of the graduating class at William and Mary, came to Petersburg to make arrangements for the foot-ball game between Hampden-Sidney and William and Mary. He was present at one of our chapel exercises, and favored us with a short talk.

Exchange Department.

M. FRANCIS DREWRY, - - - *Editor.*

We have scarcely anything but praise for the Lowell, which comes to us all the way from San Francisco. The cover as well as the various departments is splendid, and the story, When Harwood Telephoned, is intensely interesting. The conclusion that we draw from your magazine is that it is the representative of an excellent school, but we would like to see an exchange department and list of contents in your paper.

We are exceedingly glad to have the Forum from Mount Vernon, Ohio, among our exchanges this year. The literary department and class notes are very good, but the Locals are not very suitable. The Rubs and jokes are excellent, and the photographs add much to the magazine, especially the Faculty Baby Page.

Since the Old Gold and Purple is the representative of three New Orleans high schools, we think your magazine should be enlarged. The story, Pearls Bring Tears, is certainly deserving of its prize, but the Personals are decidedly inferior.

The Record from Staunton, Virginia, is unusually complete in all of its departments except the School Notes. The variety of the literary department is delightful, but

your magazine lacks cuts. The absence of these at the head of the departments is very noticeable.

The literary department of the Monthly Chronicle from Episcopal High School is very good as far as it goes, but why are you not able to obtain more stories and, perhaps, a poem? The cartoons and the cut for Mirth are splendid, but your other departments, deserve cuts.

The art work of the World, St. Paul, Minn., is undoubtedly its best feature. The covers, frontispieces, and cartoons are always appropriate, but the literature may be improved upon in the November number.

The Local Items of the Virginian from Norfolk, Virginia are very bright and well written, but they seem to be considered the most important feature of the magazine, while the other departments are neglected. We think your cover would be improved if the list of contents were elsewhere, and we hope to see some exchange and alumni notes in the next issue.

The stories contained in the Criterion from Waukegan, Wisconsin, are as a whole the best of any magazine we have yet received. We wish to suggest that you place the name of your city in a more conspicuous place. It is very inconvenient to have to look through the advertisements to find where the magazine came from.


We are very grateful for the regular receipt of College Topics from the University of Virginia, and hope that this most estimable paper will continue to come to us.

The Student from Portsmouth, Virginia, is, indeed, and excellent magazine. We wish to commend the length and variety of your literary department, but we

would like to suggest that you have a regular department for your jokes instead of scattering them about.

We are very proud of the fact that one of our own State high schools is able to produce such a magazine as *The Critic*. Every item in the literary department is splendid, and the other departments are very good, especially the Locals. However, why do you not have some school notes?

We wish to acknowledge the following magazines, which arrived too late for us to criticize: *The William and Mary Literary Magazine*, *The Virginia Guide*, *The Flat Hat*, *The Racquet*, and *The Schoolma'am*.



A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A
DANGEROUS THING

$$5 - 3 = 1$$
$$5 \times 3 = 14$$

A Few Pointers

IN THE LIGHT OF KNOWLEDGE.

Here are some definitions culled from some old examinations and tests:

"The earth is an obsolete spheroid."

"The Wheeling Axle is one of mechanical powers."

"An angle is a triange with only two sides."

"By the above method, you can bi-sex any angle."

"Parallel lines are the same distance all the way, and don't meet unless you bend them."

A vacuum is a large empty space where the pope lives."

"Woman's suffrage is the state of suffering to which they were born."

A SPECIFIC ANSWER.

"What is the origin of Specific Heat?"

"It is the heat that comes from the Pacific Ocean when the sun is shining."

HOW HEARTLESS! HOW AWFUL!

English Teacher: "Tomorrow we shall take the life of Shakespeare. I hope that all of you will come prepared."

STUMPED.

Mrs. Mason, who had been married but a month, came hurrying in to Mrs. Sutton's one morning.

"I've come to ask you to tell me something," she said eagerly, "you see I don't know how to cook everything yet, and I am so anxious to please my husband."

"I shall be very glad to help you," replied the older woman. "What is it you want to know?"

"Well, you see my husband has gone to shoot clay pigeons this afternoon; I know he will bring them home and I don't know a thing about cooking a clay pigeon"—
Today's.

A SEX PROBLEM.

Mary was a very precocious child. One day the principal of the school was asking her some questions in mental arithmetic.

"How old would a person be who was born in 1873?" he asked.

Mary thought hard for a moment, and then asked gravely:

"Was the person a man or a woman?"—*Sketches.*

AS IT LOOKED TO HIM.

A philanthropic lady was visiting a lower East Side school. To test the brightness of some of the poorer pupils, she asked:

"Children, what is the greatest of all virtues?"

No one answered.

"Think a little," she said. "What is it I am doing when I give up time and pleasure to come and talk with you for your good?"

A grimy fist went up.

"Well what am I doing, my little man?"

"Buttin' in!"—*Sketches.*

AN INGENIOUS EXCUSE.

Patron: "What took you so long with my eggs?"

Waiter: "Pardon the delay; but they were mislaid,"—*Judge.*

YEA VERILY SO ARE THE IV A'S.

Teacher: "Where was Euclid buried."

Pupil: "In the 'devil's Coffin.'"

WAS IT DURING THE CONFERENCE?

A Baptist minister recently said. "This is the first time I have ever preached in a Methodist Church." He took for his text, "Behold, I have played the fool, and have erred exceedingly."

HE WANTED TO KNOW.

Father, I know what will put hair back on your head. Teacher told me to-day[at school]."

"Well, my son, what is it?" asked the father, looking over the edge of his paper.

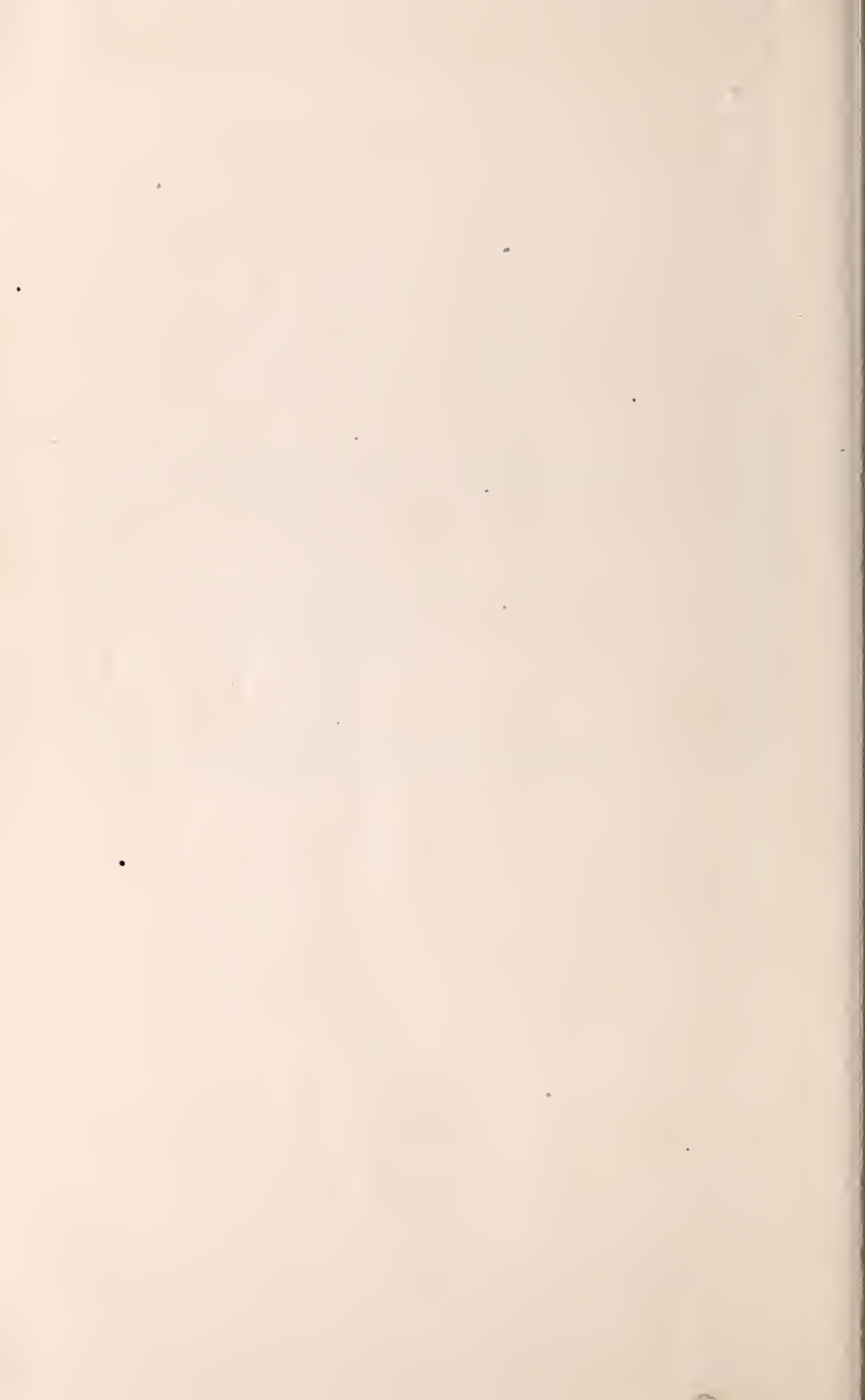
"Use a steel," was the reply.

"Use a steel! Nonsense!"

"We had a lesson on Mechanics today, and teacher said that steel makes the hair spring."



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